

THE
ENGLISH ROGUE

A NEW
Comedy.



As it was acted before several Persons
of Honour with great Applause.

Written by T. Thompson.

Licensed according to Order,



LONDON,

Printed for William Thackeray at the Golden Sugar-loaf
and William Whitwood at the Golden Lyon
in Duck-Lane, 1668.

The Actors Names.

Plot-thrift	The English Rogue.
Cozen	His Companion.
Gonzetto	A great Lord of <i>Venice</i> .
Avaritius	A Usurer.
Gornelio	A Citizen of <i>Venice</i> & a Coffee-man.
Don Aquinto	A Mountebank.
Eufames	A young decayed Gentleman.
Florentio	His friend.
A Captain	
Pego.	Gonzetto's Man.

Women.

Lucibella	}	Daughters to Avaritius.
&		
Clara		
Priscilla		Their Maid.
Ermenia		A young Lady contracted to Eufames and beloved of Gonzetto.

The Scene *Venice*;



To my worthily honoured friend
and Patroness.

MRS. ALICE BARRET.

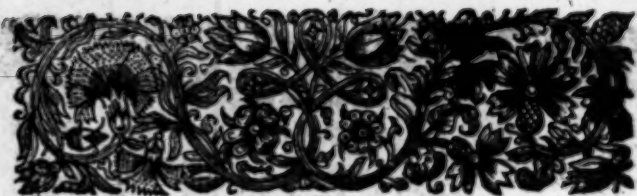
Madam,

SO many already have assum'd it as a privilege, that it is now become a current custom to prefix a Dedication to some one, whose Judgement and ingenuity may both grace the ambitious Author, and protect his weakness, otherwise you had escap'd the trouble of being Guardian to this Brat, whose Parent was unable to maintain it. To be plain; I have cast it at your Door, neither better nor worse to expect its fate: yet with some confidence of a favourable reception, since your Generosity and Nobleness were ever wont to correspond with Charity: whereof myself am sufficiently sensible. I beg your pardon for this offence, but cannot promise to do so no more. However I submit to your worthy self, whose intimate goodness and serenity have hitherto so far obliged me, that I must ever (as most due) subscribe myself (as really I am)

Madam. Your most humbly devoted
servant to command.

The. Thompson.

Toe



The Prologue.

AT a New Play all Poets must tell news.
Ye'r welcome to the labour of a Muse;
Who do's implore (and 'tis your pitty worth
Your helping hands to bring her firstling forth,
And let me tell ye, 'tis most necessary
Since 'tis her first you are more kind and wary,
Shou'd you be rough and harsh in what you do,
The brat might prove defective long of you.
S'lid then all's spoil'd, your expectation cross
The Muse discourag'd and her labour lost.
Come, come, for once be kind and rul'd by me
And let your smiles crown its Nativity.
We question not Lucina's help, if you
Vouchsafe her safe delivery 'twill do,
And that with Pomp and State, whilst ye are by
Your presence makes it a solemnity.
The beautys present blazing starr's appear
As good Omens to this our hemispher.
Nor can we, whilst such lustre they dispence,
Doubt of a favourable influence.
But I digress, the gravid Muse I left
Of all succour except bare hopes bereft.
She's in the Midwives hands and much endures
And cannot be reliev'd; except by yours.

Exit.



A NEW
COMEDY

Called the
English Rogue.

Act the First Scene the First.

Enter Plot-thrift and Cozen.

Plot. **I** See I'm Fortune's Favorite to the End
In a strange place to meet my dearest Friend!
But prithee tell me Ben. how has thy polittick
pate maintain'd thy Nobleness? I am sure you needs must
thrive, Since by your last Letter to me at Madrid I was in-
formed you have banish'd the Conceit of Marriage.

Coz. O yes, I thank my Fate that fancy flew quickly, and

B

ever

ever since in your Art I have been no small practitioner.

Plot. But how did your Mistress *Selina* tell it? That Admirable *Doxie*!

Coz. *Doxie* indeed! whose lascivious life, had it been concealed till I had married her, had ruined me for ever! [X]

Plot. What Man, the chaste, the virtuous *Selina*!

Coz. No the unchaste, vicious *Selina*! whom (after my Annual Services of Adoration to her Shrine, and unfeign'd vows of being hers constant for ever) I found to be as foul within, as I esteem'd her fair without.

Plot. Why this is fine & faith. By *Jove Ben*: Ile tell thee these women are just like weather Cocks, that turn too and fro at every puffe of wind: So they are as fickle in setting their Love on any one man, as a Phanatick Parson's unwilling to alter his Religion when he is forced to Conform or loose his Benefice.

Coz. I have found it so.

Plot. 'Tis a remarkable observation, that any man that has eyes and ears must of necessity credit it: but there are some such Buffs in this land, that won't believe what their ears have heard, or eyes have seen: but take their Wives as we do Conies to pen up, whilst every Dame to requite the kindness, will find a conveniency to tempt the next young Gallant that passes into her Chamber, and there discharge the burthen of her desire without the least consideration of making her Husband a Cuckold!

Coz. That's most certain.

Plot. Most certain and you so certainly besotted as resolve to marry; I thought the little practice you had made in my Art might have been a sufficient Embleme to demonstrate all women's levity.

Coz. Prith no more of it: I am as far from having a good thought of womens constancy, as ever I was, and once you know

know I was your only scholar, had your cunning ad angust, (and if without boasting) can say I still retain it.

Plot. Then let us plot and practice: this is a City affords good faces, wee'l instantly go view it, you one way, I another: but be sure before you strike search out the nature of the creature.

Coz. Never fear it, Ile warrant thee boy I hit right:

Plot. That done you cannot miss entrance into any *Venetian* Dame, for my part I doubt not my rogury will never faile getting me a Mistress, though it were in the Land of Chastity.

Coz. I confide something too in mine.

Plot. Come then lets to our Inn, there wee'l sever:

As thou hast begun, good Fortune, help us ever I exeunt.

Act first, Scen second.

Enter Gonzetto solus.

WHat sudden alteration do I find,
That does so please and yet torment my minde!

I know no reason for it: there was nothing in the Masque last night but what was pure and splendid.

*Ladies as fair
And beautiful as is the morning star!
Now I have pri d into secret Art,
That Ladies glittering Eyes can wound a heart!
I must to fair Ermentia a captive be,
I'm her Adorer, she my Deity!*

Enter Ermentia and Florentio.

But here she comes: she's Beauties Paragon!

Erm. You have your answer Sir and may be gone.

To Florentio.

Flo. Since Madam, I'm dismiss'd so scornfully, I would
 To move a change, I must presumptuous be,
 Think on the good Eulames miseries, he
 Who like a careful penitentiary,
 Bedewes his bad with tears, as they are due
 To discontent, and all for love of you!

Ern. Why Sir for me? he knows it is in vain

To hope Ermenias love to regain.

First let him change his coat of poverty,

To wealth and honour: and then think of me.

Flo. Let not your height contemne his humble state

But Saint like pity the unfortunate!

He once was high too, but in each degree

Where he did love, he lov'd with constancy!

Since first he lov'd you, to that love he's true,

Yet suffers Martyr-like for love of you.

Ern. I believe once he lov'd me well indeed,

And mine did equal his (if not exceed)

But I consider'd not the miseries

Of marriage then, which now I do despise,

A maiden life all others does excel:

Fray tell Eulames this, and so farewell.

aside and
sighing.

offers to go out.

Flo. Pray Lady stay: one request does remain.

He ask no more,

Ern. Then that you shall obtain.

Gon. She turns again, I doubt he will i'th end

Make a deep interest in her for his friend!

But be it how it will, I'll overbear:

I am too lofty to be touch'd by fear.

Flo. Are you resolv'd alwaies to live a maid?

Ern. I mention'd not how long but thus I said

A Maidens life excels all other lives :

Flo. But Maids contracted are as good as wives !

(spoken whisperingly)

Ermenia swounds.

Flo. O me ! she sounds !

Gon. That story in the ear

Has made her pride fall, and my spirit fear.

Ermenia breaths.

Gon. She breathes again,

Flo. Madam how are you now ?

Erm. Well, but better had I made no vow

To poor Eufames : Florentio we'll withdraw.

Flo. Ile follow Madam, your will is my law.

exit Ermenia.

Re powers of love and friendship crown the end

Of this design with comfort for my friend !

exit Florentio.

Manet Gonzetto.

Great God of love, what mighty power unknown

Hast thou now us'd to mee, more then thy own ?

It was thy conduct sure and thy design,

And not thy power alone that vanquish'd mine :

As a great Captain in the wars to his Name

Of every conquest gain'd, joyns all the Fame,

Though it was not done by his power,

But by the Armies by his Conduct brought :

So when thy power could not do more

Thou then didst lead her troops of virtues on.

*And now too soon I feel by my surprise
Thou hast not only darts but piercing eyes!
Then as thou art great and powerful bee Just?
I am enforc'd to love, and love I must.*

Enter Captain.

The news Captain, any Letters from the Army yet to his Highness?

Cap. Yes Sir last night.

Gon. Are the contents divulg'd?

Cap. Yes some two daies since half our army was besmear'd with blood, the other half took flight, and the fam'd *Carionil* with some number of cheif Commanders were surrounded with a multitude of Enemies, and almost hopeles of ever seeing *Venice* agen: yet when they heard our noble General cry, fight, fight for *Venice* till you dye, they with such vigour redoubled their blows, adding wounds to wounds, blood to blood, dead to the dead, till by the favour of that potent God, with whom it is to give the victory, they through the Multitude quickly run their way, and after for that night sounded a retreat

*And in the interim receiving a supply
Early next morn refac'd the enemy,*

Whose Army in number doubled ours, but at the first onset with manly courage

————— We dispers'd them quite,

Part we took prisoners, part we put to flight.

The rest lay gasping on the ground frustrate of future hope or remedy,

————— Few escaped alive.

Of last nights newes this is a Narrative.

Gon.

Gen. I joy wee were so successful in the end, though to our loss at first.

Cap. I could have gladly with'd my self there, but that I was commanded to the contrary.

Gen. I credit you Captain, you have done your Country good service.

Cap. My Lord I must retire.

Gen. Farewell good Captain.

exit Captain.

*I know not what to think much less to do !
I am in the flames and now I must go through ?
Why should I dote on one that is so mean ?
But seee that's lovely to love is a Queen !
Ermenia thee I love, thy love I crave
Which if my wealth and fame can gain I'll have!
I fear no rivals, I've a double fate,
Too wealthy for contempt, too high for hate!*

exit.

Scen third.

Enter Florentio and Ermenia.

Ern. Florentio what ev' e said ile do, provided he
Without contempt a constant Lover be.

Flo. Madam!

*Be you as kind as he will constant prove
And make his joys as perfect as his love.
I dare protest by 'very Deity,
Hee'll ne'r be guilty of inconstancy!*

Ern. Then while I live ile love him : tell him this
Though many court me, yet my heart is his.

exit Ermenia.

Flo.

Flo. So I have prevail'd and for joy could fly
To tell Eufames of my victory!

O may the god of love, as he's begun,
Write these too contracted hearts in one!

Enter Eufames.

See here he comes: ile stand aside

----- To know how his thoughts fixed are
Whether to hope or fear or to despair,
Or whether he will into a passion fall,
For it's a double joy to banish all.

Euf. How joyfully the birds with warbling notes
Salute the morning through their genile throats!
But day no sooner does appear to mee,
But I complain a fresh of misery
In love! imperious love!
Assist a wretched youth thou caus'd all this
And 'tis thy power alone can work my blifs!
I cannot, dare not hope my friend can bee
So prevalent to regain her love to mee.
She is grown high, and yet must higher grow,
While I, for love of her, must fall too low!

offers to go out

(Eufames turns back and falls into a trance.)

Flo. Stay, stay Eufames!

What struck dumb with fear

Of the sad newes you do expect to hear
From me?

Eufames

Euf. Alas! Florence! fear

It is too sad indeed for me to bear!

Flo. For love I mov'd, but she her love deny'd,

And having so refus'd, she thus reply'd:

A Maiden-life all other loves excels,

Pray tell Rustan this, and so farewell:

Euf. Then love farewell for ever!

And though from all my joys I am betray'd

By thy refusal to live and dye a maid,

I will not wish that thou mayst live and dye

Such an unpittied, martyr'd one as I!

offers to go out.

Flo. Be not so hasty: there remains behind

A sentence from her, you'll esteem more kind

Then was the other Cruel!

— While I live I'll love him: tell him this

Though many court me, yet my heart is his.

Euf. O tantalize me not with hopes so vain!

Can she so hate, so quickly love again

As if she had her former scorn forgot?

Flo. If you can think me false, believe me not.

Euf. Then I must credit it; O how the joy

Of thy success my miseries destroy:

My heart's enliven'd with a fresh relief,

And double Comforts do arise from grief!

So Palms prest down, do ever rise the more,

And spices bruis'd smell sweeter then before.

Flo. There's nothing now remains but your address

To compleat hers and your own happiness,

For if a Maidens' vow was ever true

No doubt she loves as fervently as you.

You need no counsel, since you know the way
Haste too her then, 'tis dangerous to delay.

Enf. I will, yet ere I go must recommend

A parcel of poor thanks to you my friend.

Flo. Spend no more time in complementing me,

My recompence is thy felicity.

Couldst thou enjoy Brimont for thy Bride

I for my worthless pains was satisfied.

But you loose time.

Enf. Ne that a loyal friendship does regard

Heaven with happiness will him reward.

exunt severally.

Scen fourth.

Enter Plot-thrift and Cozen.

Plot. **A**ND how and how? prethee begin, how are all
things at Court?

Coz. O right to a hair, as I could wish or desire, the Ladies
very pleasant and free, the Gallants very complacent and simple,
out of which I have pickt out one to play upon, he is in
quality and ability one of the cheif, and as I take it a very fine
fool for our purpose.

Plot. His Name?

Coz. Don Gonzatto, and for mirth to make up your Rog-
guery, there is one Pego his man is reported for the prittiest
dreaming Puppy that Venice can boast off.

Plot. Why then I perceive the Master and man are like to
be.

be finely handled if they come into our churches; but how shall
contradict it?

Cox. O this great *Dan* is very desperately in love with a
young Citty Dame, and I perceive by his clipt tongue he
wants a good Orator.

Plot. With a young Citty Dame?

Cox. So I was inform'd.

Plot. Good luck send it be the same I heard off, for now
Ile tell thee *Ben*, part of my progress, I was no sooner got in-
to the body of the Citty, but I was crept into a croud of ac-
quaintance: Ladies by whole sale, and Citizens by Bakers
dozens, amongst which I think I have pickt out two of the
most precious Ningles that the whole Citty affords: Fellows
as rich as they are simple, and that I am iure is beyond ex-
pression: the one is *S. Don Aquinto* a high and mighty Mount-
bank who swears he has done many wonderful and remarkable
cures, but if I don't catch his coxcomb into a trap, that all
his medicines shall never draw him out, let him report me no
man of my trade. His whole discourse be it where it will, so
there be any body to hear him, is of his cramp stage talk, of
his great Cures of the *Uvula*, the *Choliaca passio*, the *Polip-
pus*, with the rest as *Morbus Gallicus* &c. which is enough to
tire a crew of patient Saints were they his companions, but
that he has this good faculty, when the reckoning is call'd, his
purse shall be sure to pay fort; the second is one Seignior *Cor-
nelio* a very comical Coffee-man, and such another *Ignoramus*,
but that his tongue does not so much betray his simpleness.
But here's the point, these two Coxcombs, are very passio-
nately taken with two young Ladies, daughters to one *Ava-
ritius* a rich reported Uicerer, and in short by my discourse
finding their own weakness, and my efficacy in *Arte Amandi*
very nobly retained me for their Agent.

Cox. There indeed you have got the start of me, but ile fol-
low close.

Plot. Hark Ben! Let it be your care to bring *Gonzales* to our end of the Town among my crew that we may rye them all of a no; and then we'll so swing them this evening we shall be at *Fornel's* Coffee-house.

Coz. Then there ile be sure to meet you with my *Don*.

Plot. Do so for as I remember I was also informed *Araritis* had a lovely Neece too, courted by many high Persons of which perhaps he may be one, and then our plot lyes in a lump and must needs goe current.

Coz. But have you yet seen any of these Ladies?

Plot. Yes, and they are as pretty Creatures as ever I see, fat and each has a promising countenance of a very free disposition, the Mother of the two Sisters was an English-woman. I have a plot for them both.

Coz. But when will you put it in practise?

Plot. Forthwith, lets go visit them instantly: our clothes are fitable to the Mode, our Persons proper, and for our tongues they need no tipping; but one thing always observ'd Ben, let not our Roguery extend to any criminal fact, that may merit the halter or the like, but send only to a self interest; then

*Note will endeavour to condemn his Fate,
That plays the Rogue, and injures not the State.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

Act.

(103)
Act second, Scen first.

Genretto. Caren.

Gen. **S**IR, I like you well, and be assur'd that all my powers shall be employ'd to do you service.

Caz. Ye are truly generous.

And 'tis my happiness I can't could hope for

After so many storms of adverse fortune

To relish safety in so still an harbour

And meet the favour of so good a Patron

Just in the nick of my distress. But Sir,

My future diligence and industry

In whatso're you use me, shall declare

How I can love and serve so good a Master.

Gen. Nobly spoken: accept me as your faithful friend.

My house is yours pray Sir be bold and welcome.

Caz. I shall now take the confidence to think

That all past troubles of my youth, were of purpose by fortune meant, to make me relish now

These sweets more partly.

Gen. Very likely;

And I must further add, that all her former kindnesses,

Did less oblige than this single one

Of making me the object of your friendship.

But come Sir, will it please you take a dish of Coffee to digest the news of the Disputal.

Caz. With all my heart Sir I attend you: pray Sir

Gen. 'Twere better be assur'd thin trouble some.

Exeunt.

Scen.

Seen second.

Plot-thrill, Cornelio, Aquino at the Coffee-house.

Plot. **C**ornelio.

Cor. Well, you keep your word.

Plot. Here's your Enemy Don Aquino the Mountebank.

Cor. How!

Plot. Mum! take no notice till you meet occasion.

Cor. Enough.

Aquino. Here a dish of Chocolate.

Plot. Of your best Spanish.

Cor. You shall sit.

Plot. Well, and how goes the packquets, do the remedies go roundly off, ha' you good takings, ha?

Aquino. Troth well.

I find the people free and much inclin'd to do themselves and me good.

Cor. This is he, that strives to dam my trade by making strange speeches against Coffee — but I shall have something to say to his balderdash complication of hard words presently — are you for Coffee sir?

Aquino. No sir, the Berry is much degenerated from its proper vertue here in Venice by an absur'd commixture which renders it very unwholesome.

Cor. Sir mine's as good as any's in Venice.

Aquino. That may very easily be when there's none good at all.

Cor. 'Tis the property of fools to condemn what they understand not.

Aquino. Of fools sir?

Cor.

Plot. No, for put case she loves, as I dare warrant she does yet there must be something closely acted, that may make it sure, and not when we have brought our building to the height to be ruin'd with a puff.

Cor. Well I am resolv'd to spend all my estate in contrivances but I will have my mind.

Plot. And I mine ----

But come lets to the Tavern, and there wee'l plot to accomplish all. *aside.*

Cor. Shall wee, a match then come on,

Exeunt.

Scene third.

Avaritius, Lucibella, Clara.

Ava. **W**Hat stories are these I hear, *Lucibella*, ha what are they *Lucibella* & speak *Clara*, concerning two Youngsters.

that were tampering to speak with you under the notion of business? what say you?

Clar. Only two young Gentlemen that desire your leave to try our wits by spending an hour in discourse with us now and then.

Ava. S^tid ile hⁿone of that, if ye have a mind to husbands ye shall love and like where I please or ile know why not.

Luci. That will be pritty i^f faith, so we shall couple with two old Citizens, that are already grown out of fashion for want of the rudiments of Gentility in their youth, together with two much brooding over their books and bags in their counting house.

Ava. Come come I have a couple of Husbands for ye, grave and rich; and have ordered them to come to day upon a liking, in the mean time trick yourselves up handsomly and prepare to entertain them with discretion.

Cozen. Plot-thrift

Plot. S'lid lets baulk the old man, stand close

Ava. Well I must streight to the Exchange, where possibly
I may meet them and conduct 'em hither. *Exit.*

Plot. Save ye Ladies! we are somewhat bold to interrupt
your privacies.

Coz. But we hope to find an easie pardon.

Luc. That's easly granted Gentlemen.

Plot. No doubt on't.

Coz. I durst have thought as much ere I came in.

Cl. A very pritty humour; their both handsome men, pray
heav'n I misconster not their errand.

Plot. Madam so strange a curiositie has urg'd me to this
boldness, I found it vain to resist: And to be plain we came
with a resolution to love and serve you; smile on me? Ma-
dam, I'me yours body and soul.

Luc. Very blunt and pathetic!

Cl. Troth I see I must be fain to put my self forward, Sir
methinks you might be doing.

Coz. Doing Madam?

Cl. Yes doing something.

Coz. Faith any thing with you Madam?

Cl. Ha ha ha, now he comes on two fast:

Plot. Now am I so mad with love, that by my virginity, I
shall never be sober till you quit me of that oath.

Luc. Then you may chance to dye raving.

Plot. Say you so? If I do, I am resolv'd my Ghost shall
walk and haunt you till it fright you into the same condition.

Cl. How shall I know that?

Coz. Now I think on't my affection's in expresseable.

Cl. Well excus'd however.

Plot.

Plot. Come what say ye, shall we make a mad match on't
Luc. As how I pray?

Plot. Why, make a resolution to love one another, reciprocally in spight of Fate and the malice of the Devil.

Luc. Suppose I make this blind covenant, and you or I after we have teased our appetites with those delights, may chance to clog our stomachs, and then turn to neglect, and fail in your appointed Articles, what shall be the forfeit for every such default?

Plot. Why faith on your side to be tongue ty'd, and lye alone.

Luc. Good, and on yours ===== Cuckoldome, or so.

Plot. Agreed i' faith.

Luc. In faith agreed.

Coz. One denyal more, and by the love I bear you, which is as safe and sound as any roach, ile turn Astronomer and hate all women in general.

Cl. Well, hang't for once ile make a blind bargain on't and buy a pig in a poke?

Plot. And how goes squares Ben.

Coz. Faith, very roundly! we have made a short cut on't.

Plot. So, so, then we'l be merry, laugh and lye down, dance and sing in spight of the old mans opposition, but first lets sing, what say ye Ladies?

Luc. What you please.

Cl. I, I, come come, we'l help to make a Chorus.

Sung by Plot-thrift and Cozen.

What need we use many beseeches

Or trouble our brain with long speeches.

If we love 'tis enough

Hang Poetical stuff

As the rule of Honesty teaches
 Chor. *If we love 'tis enough*
Hang Poetical stuff
As the rule of honesty teaches.

2.
Why should we stand whining like fools.
Or woe by platonical rules
If they love we'l repay't
If not let 'em say't
What need they the help of the Schools.
 Cho. *If they love &c.*

3.
But this must be won by Romances
And that by verse and fine dances
A third do's delight
In a song yet at night.
You must crack a string which she fancies.
 Cho. *A third do's delight, &c.*

4.
This must be extoll'd to the sky;
That you can get, do but flatter and lye.
But that Lady's for me
That loves fine and free
As real and ready as I.
 Cho. *But that Lady's for me*
That loves fine and free
As real and ready as I.

Luc. I protest a very pleasant one.
Cl. Of your own composure I suppose.
Plot. An abstract drawn from our humour and disposition,
Madam.
Cl. 'Tis well ay'r'd too.

Cox. You jeer Madam,

Cla. You mistake Sir.

Enter Priscilla.

Pris. Madam *Lucibella* your Father's coming down street with two Gentlemen homeward.

Plot. Upon my life *Aquinto* the Mountebank and *Cernelio* the *Coffee-man*, what shall's do *Ben*.

Cox. Let 'm come weel not bark them weel wheedle them into an opinion that wee were acting in their behalf aforehand that they might be entertained with more familiarity and greater courtesy.

Plot. And for the old Man, Ladies with your leaves wee'll undertake to allay his pettish humour.

Enc. Well Gentlemen use your own discretion.

Cox. And you yours with your new Suitors.

Cla. Sir, they cater.

Enter Avaritius.

Ava. Come Daughters — how? — here's a new trick i' faith, — Pray Gentlemen what acquaintance have you here.

Plot. O Sir,

Ava. O me no O's fir, ye owe me nothing fir.

Cox. But pray fir.

Ava. Pray me no prays fir, pray to God if — ye are so minded fir, Pray fir quoth A —

Plot. S'lid fir ye are a man of the perversest humour, that ever I met since I suck'd milk; what are you fir, that you'll neither be spoken too nor give an Answer.

Cox. One wou'd ha' thought your age and long experience should

shou'd have taught you more civility to strangers, then thus to tyrannize, though in your own house.

Ava. You say well sir.

Clar. However they come to know it, they've nick't his humor right, Th' old mans chollar falls.

Plot. Now sir ye are something more a man-----

Ava. What then? speak.

Plot. Why pray sir.

Ava. Pray sir agen?

Plot. —Have but a little patience and I'll tell you the whole story. —

Ava. Story? that were fine if faith, do I stand here to hear stories? Sir tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. quoth he.

Coz. Why so ye shall if you'll but lend an ear —

Ava. No Sir ile lend neither of my ears.

Coz. Then keep 'em till the Pillory claims it own.

Luc. Nick, Nick.

Cl. Excellent!

Plot. I see hee's uncapable of any civil society, ile c'ne rant him, *Ben.* observe my stile.

Coz. Enough, proceed.

Plot. Venerable Sir, I shall take my leave--- hark ye sir, I shall have something to say t'ye in some other place, for extortion and bribery the two dam'd sins 'oth age.

Coz. You may remember sir the defference between you and young *Mr. Lavish* concerning a morgage, where you had like to have screwed him to part with one half of his Estate to secure the other.

Plot. And then to stop his mouth compounded with him for half in half.

Ava. Gentlemen —

Coz. Nay this is not all.

Coz. Remember fir how ye abused his Highness's bounty, which was to be distributed amongst six Justice of Peace for their good service ith sickness time, when you with your two comrades, got it into your own hands, you cast out the other three Justices and proved your own carvers.

Ava. How —

Plot. Nay fir there's a Petition like to be exhibited by Justice *Gizard* and the other two injured parties, 'twas a high indignity, and his Highness must know it.

Cl. 'Tis fit he should by this light.

Ava. Well Gentlemen, I must withdraw, I beg your pardons — O my sad heart, what to do, what to do ! *Exit*

Lac. Is he gone ?

Plot. He warrant you for ever returning till wee are gone.

Coz. VVee netled his Justice-ship i' faith.

Enter Pris.

VVhat news now.

Pris. Heres *Don Aquinto* and *Cornelio* are very desirous to see you Ladies.

Plot. Prithee entertain 'em a while ith Hall and shew them the fine pictures. Ladies these are the men whose spokesmen we are to represent, and first *Don Aquinto* the mountebank, is one who spends all his estate besides his little brains in inventing hard words for sublime Courtship and employing others to take presidents out of the greatest wits in Christendome for that purpose.

Coz. The other in his expression so low and blunt, that an hour with him is an absolute divertisement.

Cl. Hark is not that their tread ? — *noise of feet.*

Plot. Doubtless, let us retire Ladies for fear of maring your pastime.

Lac.

Luc. Pray do if you please, behind the Arras away, away,

They conceal themselves.

Luc. Clar. Aquin. Corn.

Aquin. I have heard of *Cherubins* and *Seraphins*, but never saw I Angels cloathed in flesh before.

Luc. A high sublime conceit.

Flor. Pox 'twas a complement an Age ago made to two Persons of Honour by a Student of *Cajus Col.* an intimate friend of mine.

Cor. Mrs. *Clara*, let me not live to fill one dish of *Coffee* more, but dye like a fool suddenly without making my will if I don't love ye --- most heartily.

Cl. Thank ye, thank ye.

Aquin. All the *Cœlestial* beauties of the heavens, compounded in one only object, cou'd not more afflict and press these weaker opticks which (as those lesser lights call'd stars, do vanish and disappear at *Phæbus* rising glory) are as it were obicur'd by your too glorious aspect.

Luc. Methinks you should have done well to have brought a preservative against weakness of eyes along with you knowing what a powerful object they were to encounter.

Aquin. True Madam, but men that are employ'd about affairs beyond the moon, cannot stoop to consider matters subluminary; those men whose larger souls still aim at things immortal, know not how to condescend to converse with inferial mortality.

Cor. I Madam, you may say what you please, but I protest my heart is as full of love, as a Church bucket full of water.

Cl. Good, or as an empty oyster-shell's full of brains.

Cor.

Cor. What you please Madam.

Lar. You much oblige me Sir

And I cou'd wish ye had spent your Cerapack courtship
On a more worthy and deserving object.

Again. Pardon me Madam,

I must not bear you set so low an estimate

On your high merit: I must be bold

To rectify your judgement, and inform you

Of a mistake; that none but your fair self

Durst have committed without apparent harm,

Namely that you should seem to intimate

Your matchless self, excell'd by any she

How beauteous soever. I could run over

The various features of all forraign beauties

English, Italian, French and Dutch

Such vast experience has much travel taught me

With the Fashions, Customes, Laws, confusions

Allow'd and rarified to each of these:

And yet all these and many more sam'd places

Are destitute of half that excellency

And divinity you still bear about you.

Plot. What a plaguy company of lyes the Rogue has
wound upon one bottom.

Lar. Your language Sir has spoken you worthy, and with-
all I am so well ceruin'd of your generosity and nobleness,
that I must needs blush and own the conquest you already
gained over my affection and weakness. I heard your noble
Friend speak in your commendation and extolment, as greedily
as griping Misers listen to the wills of their decaying friends
wherein they are possess of large revenues.

Again. He's my dearest and most faithful friend whom I am
proud to intrust with the disposing of my most nice affairs.

Lar. Sir, he shall be ever acceptable as from you.

Agua. Immortal thanks, divinest Lady!

Cl. Well Seignior *Cornelia*: heres my hand; and as I love my — thou art a pritty fellow, wou'd I were a young wench for thy sake.

Cor. O Madam, I take you at your wish i' faith. Ile en'e to the old Justice immediately: shid i'm so orejoy'd — I know not how my breeches hang; farewell sweet Madam: I must straight to *Plot*: *brist* and tell him this good news; farewell sweet Mistress.

Luc. Sweet servant yonts.

Exit Cor.

Agua. Madam some extraordinary affaires exact my presence at Exchange, I humbly take my leave and shall never be forgetfull to employ my friend in my own absence to commemorate my best services to your honoured self, your servant sweet Ladies.

Both Yours Sir.

Luc. VVee attend you out.

Agua. By no means Ladies, you shall excuse me. *Exit.*

Plot. *Cuz.* *Luc.* *Cl.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. How now Gentlemen, could you hear all this while and not be *raucous*.

Cl. Faith *Can* how didst like it, did wee not play our parts worthy your applause.

Cor. O incomparably.

Plot. Faith I fear'd all had been spoyl'd, yea jeer'd them so home.

Luc. Nay that's less beholding to Nature for allowing e'm so many ounces of beard, scarcely to one dram of apprehension.

Cl. Come what shall wee do.

Luc.

Luc. I what indeed.

Cla. Faith and troth lets take a walk together and so with a little fresh air digest our late pleasant banquet.

Cor. With all our hearts, and then we'll consider more leasurely about accomplishing our desired ends.

Plot. Faith well advin'd, come lets away we shall overreach their gravities.

--- As wisely said Lucullus
Old men are fools, when young men seek to gull us.

Explicit Act second.

Act third, Scen first.

Enter *Eufemes* about to throw himself upon the point of his sword and *Florentio* putting it off with his foot

Euf. Pursue me not *Florentio*! let me dye.

Since she is guilty of inconstancy. (sobs)

Flo. Can you so much your Christian thoughts forsake
To murder life for a false womans sake?

Euf. Could you endure so much misery
Still to be dying and yet never dye?

Flo. Can you so soon to misery bid farewell
To meet with endless miseries in hell?
Suppress this passion or it will undo
Those noble arts which you have studied too,
Confound (what hitherto you've gain'd) a Name
Destroy your parts and murder your good Name.

Euf. What friendly counsel's given with what ease
By those who never felt the like disease?

Ente: Filippo Fiorentino (data: 14/05/2018)

Flo. Friends self murder's Friendships track 3.

Envy, but how shall I Eternity's love obtain,

QWJ 216 *To hope for favour now is but in vain?* MWJ 30V 216b 0

Flo. *Nothing impossible with the powers above.*

110. *Euf. O' that they would but pity one in love!*

Flo. Come fear it not all things will work forth best

Mean time to sleep, your passion wants some rest.

Excut.

Scen second.

Enter Plot-christ, and Cozen.

Plot. **N**ow what think you on't Ben?

6oz. **N** Faith but indifferent.

Plot. I have a double fear; I feel a kind of an itch of honesty within me, down right honesty to *Lucibella*.

Co's. And I do glorify as I am a Christian.

Plot, But I fear 'will never agree with us long.

Cox. As much fear I

Plot. And then the small comfortable lives the poor wretches will have.

Coz. Nay I must confess they will be well hop'd up with
two staid husbands.

Plot. Yes like town bulls riding upon 'll they can leap.
But hang'te handsome English Girls and good fortunes may
tye us close to their rails in tyme.

Coz. O he banish the conceit of
 Marriage! what loose all the pleasures of a single life, to be constrained to the humour of one foolish Woman? no visiting of the Taverns without a peal from home; no courting of a handsome Lady

Lady without a score of scratches and the like; these were your own words sir.

Plot. Well they were so, I deny it not, nor am I yet resolv'd to do't: yet I am prompted much, Money and Beauty are two taking bates and must prevail.

Coz. Well conclude and tie joyn with you, either put forward or draw off: I dare swear they are honest.

Plot. Of that lets make a sound tryal.

Coz. Agreed.

Plot. To what an honest part my labors tend,

No roguery but has some honest end.

Lets to them.

Enter Lucibella and Clara.

Coz. See here they are,

Plot. So, so, now Ben. follow my free fawning way directly and observe my motions.

Coz. Enough.

Plot. O my dear Luci.

Coz. O my dear Clara.

Luc. O dear Gentlemen.

Clara. Well met.

Plot. Whither march you Ladies?

Luc. To visit sir.

Plot. Who Lady? Man, Woman, Boy or Girl or what?

Luc. You are very inquisitive.

Plot. 'Tis the nature of the Country Madam.

Luc. 'Tis not your Nature I hope.

Plot. Perhaps while I am here, no longer.

Luc. Pray heaven it be not.

(aside)

Why to tell you true, we are going to neither man, woman, boy nor girl, but yet may meet many.

etc.

Cl. Wee are going to the Physick Garden at the City gate end.

Cox. Please you Ladies wee'll wait upon you thither.

Plot. What say you Madam?

Luc. Pardon us sir, not for want of Love or respect but fear of our Fathers meeting us, or some of his Acquaintance, wee desire to be excus'd.

Cl. Besides it may be a means to obstruct our future appointment.

Cox. You counsel well Lady.

Plot. I must confesse that love is ill grounded that destroyes it self through ignorance, yet Ladies ere we part lets beg the happines of your company to take a glass of wine, here is a private Tavern at hand, besides your Masques blinds all discovery whatsoever.

Luc. Though Sir to grant your request is a thing as unusual with us, as those that never did, yet to assure you of the good effeem I have of you and your company, for my part I consent.

Cl. Then I must yeild too.

Cox. You honour us.

Exeunt.

Enter presently agen in a Tavern with a drawer.

Plot. Please to name your wine Ladies.

Luc. VVhat you like best Sir.

Plot. Canary I esteem.

Luc. 'Tis granted.

Draw. Canary: you shall Sir.

Exit Drawer.

Plot. Now Lady we are blest above the proudest of our former wishes, this happines was like a thing desired but far from expectation, as men forlorn and wretched being content to dye and sure to suffer, wish to live, although they fully
do

SECRET

...may
...out
...

Enc. 1
and
C/O

1944

WFOU

1992

Plot. Hides the wife and how a lady's love. All our
drawers.

Dr. Pure Country
Flor. VVell H
Dr. Young

Plat. 10000
Loc. 10000
Plat. 10000
Loc. 10000

7146. *Chamaecrista* ...
 7147. *Chamaecrista* ...
 7148. *Chamaecrista* ...
 7149. *Chamaecrista* ...

Pl

Plot. What thinst you of an Aire or two, (to Cozen)

Coz. 'Twood not do much amiss.

Plot. Ho Drawer,

Enter Drawer.

Dr. Your will Sir.

Plot. Are the old Musicians in the house ?

Dr. Yes Sir.

Plot. Employed ?

Dr. No Sir.

Plot. Send them in,

Dr. I shall sir.

exit Drawer.

Plot. Now Ladies are you for a melancholly Love story,
or a merry Tavern catch ?

Luc. O fye, Love in a Tavern is as ridiculous as wine in an
Alehouse.

Enter Musicians.

Plot. Then come musicians lets hear the Tavern catch !
gave you when I was here last.

Mu. Yes Sir.

The Song.

Come let us bee frolick and call for our ti ple,
Our pockets we'l empty & our veins we will fill
For Sack we'l not lack, nor will we be griple
But carouse in despite of the two Topped Hill

Parnassus shall pass us

Chorus.

Nor will we enquire

For the front of the Musses

'Tis Sack we desire.

*Let the Frenchman delight in his white wine & red
His vinide parree is but pitiful good
Tis the brave Spanish liquor that brings us to bed,
It charms all our senses and frees us from fear.*

*Cho. Wee'l banish the Rhenish,
White Metheglin and brown,
Tis Sack we do love, so let it go down.*

they drink round.

Plot. How like you this ?

*Luc. }
and } Very well.*

Clu. }

Plot. Theres for your pains.

gives money.

Caz. Theres something more.

more money.

Mu. Thank you Gentlemen.

Plot. Farewel,

Exeunt Musicians.

my heart misgives me.

softly to Conen.

Caz. I am something startled too.

softly agen to Plot.

Plot. Hang't now we are in we must through.

*Luc. Come, come Gentlemen, under favour this whispering
I fear portends no good.*

Caz. No hurt Ile assure you.

They draw the Ladies severally into two back roomes.

Luc. Whether tend you Sir.

Plot. Only into the inner room Madam for more air.

Clu. Your meaning.

Caz. Very harmleis.

Exeunt.

Enter Drawer half drunk.

*Dr. Now while they are whispering may I civilly steal a
glass*

glass of wine or two: I have enough I confess: but the Proverb saies *enough will have more*, and I will not cross it, yet this Canary is such a parlous liquor twill turn you a mans head so long round that at last it will set it where his heels should be (drinks) as for example. *reeles.*

A Bell rings within.

*But stand up Zachary the Bell does ring,
I dare not stay delay does danger bring.*

Exit.

Enter Plot. and Luci.

Luc. For shame sir cease to prosecute a suit so beneath your worth, and prejudicial to my reputation: I must not hear you.

Pla. What a misery is this to be forbidden to complain.

Enter Cozen and Clara.

Cl. Fie as you are a Gentleman urge it no more.

Coz. Reflect upon my misery and imitate the Gods in mercy.

Cl. Rather the Fiends should it be so.

Luc. I can now think you no better then a counterfeit Atheist that would desire thus to allure me from my purity.

Cl. The Gods see every thing: Nature nor Art can any thing conceal from them.

Luc. Should I be guilty of so foul a fault, I should improve my self to nothing bankrupting my good Name and reputation, which who wants is a companion for such wild people as never heard the Name of virtue, riches are fortunes trifles, neither to be despised nor doted on, but well us'd.

Poor virtue is most rich, and virtue it self

Was by the Antients held the greatest wealth.

Plot. In your discourse you are too much a Stoick.

Coz. Young Ladies should not be so utterly void of all compassion.

Luc. I must leave you.

Plot. Not without hope of comfort, let me but taste of that which Crowns you famous, your Virginity.

Luc. I trespass on my Modesty to hear you, come sister.

offers to go out.

Plot. Stay Ladies.

Luc. You have chang'd your countenance, your looks now promise you civil.

Cla. You are something a'tered too.

to Coz.

Plot and Coz kneels.

Plot. Ladies thus low we bend, and rather wish our knees grafted to the ground, then rise without a double pardon: not only to forgive but to forget.

Coz. Yet thus much wee'l say on our own behalfs, we had no end or aim to do as we desired, but find away to search out your affections.

Luc.

and

Cla.

Plot.

and

Coz.

Luc.

Then rise.

Can this be true ?

As Oracle.

Here then does all our former love rejoyne.

Pray heaven yours may be as pure as mine.

Plot.

Plot. If ere I make the like accompanage
 Impute me not the base, but marry of men.

Clara. I love you now as well as ere I did
 Pray heaven you love me so, heav'n forbid.

But that I should.

Plot. Since now we have vow'd a constant faith on all sides,
 I think it requisite to work a means to compleat our happiness.

Luc. That we must leave to you.

Plot. But we'l plainly tell you, least hereafter you repent,
 we have no worldly fortune but what our outsid'es promise:
 yet within you'l find honest hearts.

Luc. That's sufficient.

Clara. My Father has Gold enough.

Cox. I and has the wit to keep it close enough.

Luc. Phew, have you no trick for that?

Plot. Troth I have a brain seldome empty of invention,
 Ile set my wheel's a working, and make tryal of one exploit.

Clara. Sister we shall be late home.

Luc. I go, Gentlemen farewell good fortune speed your study.

Cox. We shall attend you on the morrow.

Luc. We shall expect you.

Exeunt Lucibella and Clara.

Cox. Now we are new men.

Plot. New married men that shall be shortly, well may we
 thrive no worse in that state then we have in the Bachelors
 and are happy still.

Cox. But we waste time.

Plot. True we have deep chests to dive into, it requires a
 great deal of cunning to contrive it honestly, or at least with-
 out the Bar plea Fellowship.

Enter This

~~—~~ *This once done*
The fools are cheated, and our loves are wonne.
 Exit

Finis Actus Tertii.

Act fourth. Scene the First.

Euf. **C**onvey this Letter Cox. unto my Lord Gonzetto,
 you know his lodgings, deliver it into his own
 hands.

Boy. Uncle I shall.

Exit Boy.

Euf. What grudge in thee procures the new grown hate
 Of thy Ermenia? what unhappy fate
 Has fix'd her heart against thee, O that she
 Should violate her vovves of Constancy,
 To make me miserable & I see were fit
 That Lovers vovves upon the sands were writ.

Enter Florentio Plotthrift and Cozen.

What are these? I must be gone.

Flo. Your company Gentlemen does oblige me much.

Plot. Alas excuse us Sir, it is not such

Is worth your thanks much less your obligation

Think it but worthy of your acceptation

And you will highly honour us since we know

For your favours many thanks we owe

Flo. Come less not further complements commend

Your love to me extends all recompence

I have a suit to you.

Plot. Name it and 'tis granted if to be

'wthin compass of my capacity.

Or my Friends.

Cox.

Coz. Most willingly.

Flo. I doubt it not Sir.

I have a friend deeply engaged (indeed contracted) to the Lady Armenia, you know her questionless.

Coz. The Lord Gonzetti's Deity.

Flo. The same my question is whether you think her inclinable to Gonzetto or any other?

Plot. Troth I think indifferent to any, but a little bending to Gonzetto by reason of the weight of riches he throws on her.

Flo. Very probable.

Coz. But he's fire all over for her.

Flo. 'Tis hotly reported so sir.

Plot. Pardon me sir that I dive into your thoughts, the Gentleman you speak of is as I presume your friend by name Eufames, I am bold in explaining, but assure your self and him sir, ile be his friend and Agent and can do much with Armenia, and will.

Flo. In so doing you will obseidge two friends at once, the one sick of Love and dispair: the other of sorrow for his friends misfortunes. I was once his poor Agent too, and then she promised faithfully to embrace him with all former love and respect: but she had no sooner set her eye upon this glistering Lord but she forgets her vows as if they were of no consequence.

Plot. I know all circumstances, I will be very serviceable and I hope succesful, I shall loose opportunities, therefore for the present farewell.

Flo. To morrow sir ile waite on you, till then adieu.

exunt severally.

Scen second.

Enter Eufames as in a field

How am I over press'd 'tween hope and fear?

'Tis past the time and yet he is not here.

Would he would come.

— *Delays in misery and love,*

Would breed impatience in Olympick Jove.

Enter Gonzetto.

O here he is: I joy you are come Sir.

Gon. Yes I am, draw.

They fight Gonzetto stamps

Euf. I am ready.

and enters a Guard.

Gon. Secure him in Fetters till further order.

Guar. We shall my Lord.

exit Gonzetto.

Euf. Ha! is it so base Gonzetto.

Guard. You are bold Sir.

Euf. You are impudent Bandogs, how am I conquered with oppression! If you are men of civility permit a Gentleman a minutes consideration, your reward shall not be wanting and the limits I'm now confin'd in, is a sufficient security for me your prisoner.

Guard. We will oblige you so far Sir.

Euf. Do so and be grateful.

The guard withdraws.

Unfortunate Eufames.

Who hast endur'd the raging of the sea

To enjoy two blessings Love and Liberty

And art no sooner well arriv'd on shore

But both are lost as much as was before.

*Arm twinge Gods, with patience and content,
Manly to undergoe Imprisonment.*

quoy

Enter Guard.

Guard!

*Now ile walk with you : my guard is strong
This is too sharp sure to continue long.*

Exeunt.

Scene third.

Enter Plotelmist and Cozen.

Coz. I have heard much of him.

Plot. He is our Country-man, and of rare endowments, genteel Parentage, and heir to a good fortune, had it not been consumed by his Parents, for which poor wretch he suffers.

Coz. She's very cruel to slight him, and settle her affections elsewhere considering the contract.

Plot. I shall plead Scripture and prick her conscience I fear ere she and I part.

Coz. Do so, ile work the way cross on my Lords side farewell.

Plot. Adeiu *Coz.* *exit Cozen, enter Florentio:*

Flo. Well met again Sir.

Plot. I was just a going to the Lady.

Flo. 'Tis too little purpose I fear.

Plot. The reason.

Flo. Why *Eufames* out of a mad vein this Even, challeng'd *Gonzetto* who met him with a Guard and clapt him up.

Plot. Yet not a pin the worse : for you shall see.

To morrow Adorn his Liberty.

G

Flo

Flo. It will be welcome news. Plot. Well fear it not.
If I'm deceiv'd I'll never trust a plot.

Exeunt.

Scen fourth.

Enter Ermenia and Priscilla.

Erm. 'Tis strange.

Prif. 'Tis true Madam.

We meet it in the vulgar mouth : besides
I had it from the Captain of the guard
Who by command surpris'd *Eufames* prisoner.

Erm. Leave me.

exi Prif.

So strange a boldness is familiar
With men of noble Births, that though they fall
So low, that others think 'em worthless : yet
They of themselves still hold the same esteem.
And (what this Age thinks most ridiculous)
Behave themselves as high, though not so wealthy.
Such is *Eufames* fate : whose love at first,
Entertain'd, because 'twas as rich as great :
But now being fall'n from his high estate,
Still thinks himself as worthy of my love
As er'e : yet something I fain would do —

Enter Plotthrift.

Plot. Well met Madam.

Erm. Thank you Sir.

Plot. I am come to chide you Madam, pardon me.

Erm.

Erm. To thide me fir?
Plot. I you Madam; you once lov'd a Gentleman named *Eufanes*.

Erm. O heavens! is my breach of sacred Covenants made common.

Plot. Nay and was contracted to him.

Erm. Too true indeed!

Plot. Too true! nay he're repent: although his fortunes low, had you but given him content he might have rais'd himself, indeed I needs must blame you.

Erm. Proceed no further good fir, I am touch'd to the quick, and heaven knowes I am something troubled.

Plot. Something, it must be altogether ere I leave you Madam, recall that love you have setled on *Gonzetto*, and render it to *Eufanes* as his due: he poor man languishes in prison for love of you by base *Gonzetto's* means, spend no time in recanting but use your utmost endeavour to gain his liberty.

Erm. in a Maze wakes.

Erm. I can hear no more.

Plot. S'lid but you shall! unnatural woman could you think the Gods had no blessing in store for his great virtue? whose merit could purchase heaven it self.

(Reverently spoke)

afide

Erm. Pray leave and hear me.

Plot. O are you touch'd,

Hear me? what can you say; alais invention's barren in your cause, a double fee cou'd not procure one word to stand in your defence. Did you not vow, protest and swear your self a real votarefs to his desires. Did he not with a true and faithful heart when he was in his height of happiness honour & serve you. And do you think it now reason sufficient to slight and disaffect him because fortune at present frowns upon him!

ha! do you think there's desert in nought, but liberty? O unworthy your corrupt soul belyes your form and beauty, and ere I go ile cleanse it, if that your breast be penetrable to ought that's good.

Ern. O no more!

Why should you ring and twile that heart that is already broke, I love *Eufames* and though orepout'd a while, I have not signifi'd the force of passion, as I was wont, yet be shall soon apprehend a sudden thaw in that affection which he presumed was totally anothers.

Plot. Noble maid!

Pardon the harsh conjecture that I made, ile use no more for fear my fond conceits fall into relapse, I leave you, and with such a blessing as dying Fathers give their only sons, or saints to their penitent votaries.

Ern. *Worthy Eufames, unto whom I owe*

All that my utmost bounty can bestow!

I will be plain and real in my love

Which may thy anger yet thy pardon move:

In holy writ, many did choose by art

Asacrifice, but nothing like a broken heart. Exit.

Seen fifth.

Enter Avarinius with a Letter Lucibella Clara.

Ava. **G**One to England.

Luc. 'Tis very true sir.

Ava. Her letter declares that discontent caus'd her sudden departure, I hope neither of you were unkind to her.

Luc. I hope she speaks of no such thing.

Cl.

Gla. Rightly she cannot.

Ava. I'm something troubled : but must wave it, this is a day appointed for other considerations : a happy day for your Daughters, that must make your fortunes : my great care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it : they are gentlemen at all points, that when you are married will love, embrace and chain themselves to your observance : nay a great part of their Estates too are tyed in a joynture which makes up the harmony, you are contented girls are you not ?

Luc. A Husbands welcome, and as an humble wife I'll entertain him (but not the Him you mean) the gentleman I have well observed, and he may please too : It is your pleasure I should make him mine, and it has been still my duty to observe you.

Gla. I fir as obediently submit to your pleasure in embracing *Cornelio*.

Ava. Good girls, come lets go in then : I love your modesties to morrow I hope you'll look more womanly.

Exeunt.

Scen. Sixth.

Enter Gonzetto reading a Letter.

My Lord !

Pardon me that I am a little retir'd, the cause shall be made evident to your honour on the morrow being my *Cozens* wedding day : I have inform'd my Uncle by letter that I am gone towards *England*, if he acquaint you therewith, pray contradict it not, nor yet fear but at his house to morrow I will meet

me

meet your embraces, I am and will be more

Your Honours at command

Ermenia.

Well 'tis honestly done, but pish *Ermenia* can't be false i so much beauty cannot harbour a double heart, I see it is not wealth nor riches can purchase a fair soul, nor had my presents of gold ere gain'd a smile, had not the influence of my Agents eloquence work'd it. O happy man am I that shall possess that matchless beauty *Venice* can boast off, that honest heavenly heart that can't withdraw a while but must acquaint her love and Lord. Well *Cozen* thou that hast been the Authour of my endless blis expect a high reward.

Enter Cozen.

See here he is, welcome my noble friend, claim the performance of that high promised reward I gave the, upon condition thou couldest any way win *Ermenia* to marry me, see here her hand to confirm this same.

Shews the letter.

Coz. I hope by this my Lord you are assur'd she was not courted slightly.

Gon. No thou hast been diligent and work's effectually, my hand and seal to the Deputy of my Exchequer for five hundred Crowns shall be thy recompence. within there *Pego*.

Enter Pego.

Pe. My Lord.

Gon. Ink and paper.

Pe. 'Tis at hand my Lord.

*A Table set forth with
standish and paper.*

Gon. writes a note and gives it to *Cozen*.

Gon. Take that and with a promise upon my honour to advance the upon any request.

Q. 10.

Car. Your Honours bountiful, and for my part I must make an humble acknowledgment, such is my obligation to the merit that I should think my best of labours crown'd in that *As* could serve you.

Gen. Thou art honest and excellent, I shall see you to morrow questionless at the Nuptials.

Coz. 'Tis very likely.

Gen. Till then farewell.

exit Gonzetto.

Coz. Good day to your Lordship.

Now Plowright if thou throw'st as well as I,

'Tis a compleatd price of Roguery.

Exit.

Scen seventh.

Eufames in prison.

UNTO the Man imprisoned, black and obscure is the clear beauty of the brightest day: through Iron gates he only sees the light and thereby does encrease his misery. Those whom he doth perceive in joy to pass, augment his wretchedness by making him to think that thus I lately was my self. But may I dye abhor'd by mankind if I repine at all. Arme ye gods my love with constancy of mind that she may never forget the love of her *Eufames*. O *Ermenia*! the exquisitest tortures that by invention ere were made, for the I would think sports and undergoe.

*Mayest thou live happily and free from care
And all my miseries of no moment are.*

Enter

Enter Jaylor and Brumens in want habit.

Ja. There he is Sir.

Er. There's for thy kindness Jaylor.

Ja. Thank you sir.

Er. How do you sir.

Euf. Well.

Er. Not so well as I could wish you.

Euf. As well as I could wish my self and that's sufficient; you are mistaken sir in me, I am no base metal to be chang'd at every puff of wind: imprisonment is the least of terrors to daunt a true courageous heart.

Er. Nay be not so hasty: I kindly come to visit you.

Euf. I kindly thank you then.

Enter Gonzetto.

Con. So sir are you *speaking to Eufames*
sorry yet for your late desperate rudeness.

Euf. Sorry! noile nere be sorry had I a term of life and liberty could last for ever; and you could give it me, yes and would, for all or more I'de nere be reconcil'd to base *Gonzetto's*, as ignoble in heart, as made noble by thy Titles.

Enter Jaylor.

Gon. Jaylor.

Double fetter him.

Er. You are too cruel sir.

Gon. You speak in vain sir.

Er. 'Tis against the Law: he is no Fellow.

Gon. It shall be done.

Er.

Er. It shall.

Gon. It shall. you are too bold.

Er. No more then I can justifie. *Jaylor* forbear: look there high swelling Lord.

Throws him *Eufames* his pardon purchased from the Duke.

Euf. My pardon purchas'd by a stranger: 'tis very strange!

Er. 'Tis very true.

Gon. Well *Jaylor* you may release him. *exit Gon.*

Er. O thank your honour for nothing.

Euf. Sir for this your christian courtisie with many thanks my best of services are indebted to your kindness, and all too little to make the least part of requital, yet withall let me intreat one addition of your love: in telling me how or which way you heard of my imprisonment, and upon what grounds you grew so kind to procure my pardon.

Er. I heard of your imprisonment by the relation of a friend of yours named *Florentio* to a friend of mine, one Mr. *Plotthrift* by whose perswasion and my own pity of your sufferings, I obtained this grant from the Duke for your liberty, more I have to tell you, lets out of this Goal and you shall know all.

Euf. Thus heaven has still a friend in store for those

~~That have but honest hearts though fiery foes.~~

Exeunt

Scen eight.

Enter Plotthrift, Aquinto and Cornelio.

Plot. NOW Gentlemen judge you whether I have not been very serviceable.

Aquin. In that nature that really I think half my Estate a mortgage to you.

H

Cer

Cor. Indeed I did not doubt your prevailing at the long run, but in so short a time that your expedition deserves a double reward.

Aquin. My brother and I ere long shall study to requite you, but in the interim pray accept of a few crowns in this bag.

Plot. Well Gentlemen I thank you, and if the like or any other service lyes in me to oblige you, you may command it, for the present I take my leave.

Aquin. Are you in haste pray? if your occasions will permit, wee intreat your good company to a glass of excellent wine at a friends house of mine at the other end of the town.

Plot. All other concerns in me are laid aside to serve you.

Aquin. Come then we'll call on my Father *Avaricious* and thither presently.

Cor. withall my heart.

Plot. So my design is laid: but 'tis the end

aside

Must crown the work: so fortune be my friend!

Exeunt,

Finis Actus quarti.

Act fifth Scen first.

Enter Cozen, Florentio and Eufames disguised with vizards.

Coz. I wonder they come not.

Flo. 'Tis very late.

Euf. Are we set right?

Coz. Exactly in the place appointed.

Flo.

Flo. Hush I hear a trampling.

Enter Plotthrift with a bag and Avaritius.

Ava. Heaven send us safe home, they did ill to leave us and cross the fields so late.

Plot. Come sir fear not what small defence my sword and service may be to you shall not be wanting.

Ava. Your bag of money there, may cause some danger : and we have robbing spirits walk the streets at this time of night.

Plot. You are very timorous Sir.

They walk off the stage and on again, and they seize on them.

Coz. Deliver all your money, or you are dead men.

Ava. O Murder, murder, murder !

Flo. Nay we'll stop your mouthing.

Plot. Hellhounds what Devil has stir'd you to this madness.

Ens. Nay we are not so mad to contend but deliver.

They take away his bag.

Plot. Villains redeliver my money or take my life and all,
or ile have yours. *draws and fights with two.*

The other bind Avaritius.

Ava. Nay pray Gentlemen spare my life and take all I have.

Coz. No sir first weel stop your mouth. *gags him.*

Plotthrift has routed two and comes and routs the third.

Plot. Now villain for you.

*They fight a great while
and at last Coz. runs*

Plot.

Plot thrust ungags and raises Avaritius;

Plot. Come Sir take courage I have sav'd your life though
to my loss of a hundred crowns.

Ava. Sir I thank you and if a thousand can make you a-
meade you shall have them.

Plot. No Sir ile only desire your hand being a Justice of the
peace, to a small paper which will benefit a friend of mine in
a high manner.

Ava. That I would most thankfully were I but at home.

Plot. Come Sir ile see you safe at home ile warrant you.

Ava. I thank you good sir, heaven keep of a second brunt.

Plot. Nere fear it sir.

Ava. Will they not meet us agen now.

Plot. 'Tis not imaginable, they are all desperately wound-
ed and they'l hold it the safer way to cure those then to come
and get more.

Ava. You have a lueky hand.

exunt.

Scen. scond.

Enter Lucibella, Clara and Ermenia in mans habit.

Luc. **C**OZEN I much commend you, and much more love
you now then ever I did.

Clara. Your joyes will now increase; never fear it. But
breach of contracts is a second hell.

Luc. What though his fortunes are at present low, when
he

he enjoys content and happiness in you, you'll quickly see his virtues soon will raise him, I shall wish you much joy in him.

Cl. And so shall I.

Er. I thank you both, and the like I shall wish you in your elections.

Luc. Why I, wee never stood wavering, but as soon as we found a little struck up a blind bargain presently.

Cl. Wee found they were wits and they'll never leave working till they get wealth enough ile warrant you.

Er. But how will you get your portions of your father if you marry against his will.

Luc. O we never fear that the wheels of their Noddles are working for that design.

Cl. You shall see we'll be married to morrow morn, my Father well pleased by noon, we sporting in bed at night, and as loath to rise early next morn, as any two couple in Christendome.

Er. Well ile pluck up a good spirit too, make a third couple, and see if I can be serv'd the same sauce.

Luc. Gramercy Girl.

Cl. Hush my father knocks.

Luc. Up to my chamber.

Er. I'm gone.

exit Ermenia.

Enter Avaritius and Plotthrift.

Ava. O girls had it not been for this courteous Gentleman I had been kil'd.

Luc. }
and } Kill'd,
Cl. }

Ava.

Ava. I kill'd we were set upon by Rogues, Villains, Thieves but this Gentleman I thank him preserv'd me though to his loss of an hundred Crowns. Here *Luci* take my key of my desk, there lies a bag of two hundred or thereabouts fetch it.

Luc. I run sir.

exit Lucibella.

Ava. *Clara* call my man bid him bring ink and paper.

Clara. I shall sir.

exit Clara.

Ava. Pray sir sit down and assure your self whatsoever lies in poor *Avaritius* his power to oblige you, you may freely command; for this never to be forgotten courtesie.

Plot. Pray sir impute this no such obligation, I was bound in nature to defend you.

Ava. O Complement no more, can you oblige me more then save my life from murdering Rebels? no 'tis impossible. Then life nothing more dear.

Enter Lucibella with a bag of money, Clara, Priscilla and servant with a Table, standish and paper.

Ava. Here accept of this in part of future recompence.

Plot. You are liberall sir.

Ava. Now sir if you'll please to produce your paper ile set my hand

produces a large paper.

Plot. Please you ile read it to you first sir.

Ava. No that will be too tedious, only tell me in two or or three words what it means.

Plot. Why a friend of mine lately taxed with a scurvy business and suspiciously imprison'd, this is a narrative of his birth and education, to which if you will be pleas'd to set your hand, as knowing him it may be a means to procure his Liberty.

Ava. That I will willingly, lets see the pen. *to his man.*

He signs to the paper.

Plot.

Plot. Pray fir your hand for a witness.

to his man.

Ser. What ist fir; *Ava.* Sirrah don't dispute but write your hand.

Ser. I shall fir.

writes.

Plot. And yours Madam.

to Priscilla.

Pris. Yes fir.

she writes.

Ava. Sir for to night I bid you farewell. 'Tis very late and I am very sleepy.

exit Avaritius Servant and

Priscilla.

Plot. Be sure be ready. Is *Ermenis* above.

Luc. Yes.

Plot. Within this hour He call.

Clara. Wee'l be ready.

Plot. Farewell my Dear.

Luc. Adieu Love till anon.

Clara. Farewell Brother.

exunt Luc. and Clara.

Plot. Now fortune ile adore thee, thou hast been my Friend indeed. Thou hast sign'd me a deed that renders me a noble estate, fair *Lucibella* with thirty thousand Crowns is mine, the like has *Coxen* with his *Clara*, my stolen hundred Crowns are doubled too, well ile to my theiving comroques and then go find out a Priest.

Prosperious Heavens by this plots success.

Plot thrif is rais'd to an endless happiness.

Exit.

Scen.

Scen third.

Enter Cozen, Florentio and Eufanes.

Coz. E Xcellent.

Flo. Good.

Euf. Ha ha ha.

Coz. How savoury the old man smelt when we went about to faggot him.

Flo. How like an Owl in an Ive-bush the Rogue look'd when wee tyed him neck and heels.

Euf. And made ugly faces when we gag'd him.

Flo. O he prays for his deliverance.

Coz. *Plotthrift* ile warrant you will be his bosome friend, and he has cunning enough to queez him.

Flo. His hundred crowns ile warrant you are doubled.

Coz. They are made thousands by this time I hope or he misses of his aim.

Enter Plotthrift.

Flo. See here he is.

Plot. Ha ha ha! Hellhounds what Devil rais'd you to this madneis? ha, ha, ha!

Om. Ha, ha, ha!

Coz. How fares the old man?

Plot. O orejoyed that he's delivered: Gentlemen you are notable rogues and shall be my bosome friends as I am his, see here a slender reward that he has given me.

Coz. How *Lucibela* with thirty thousand crowns.

Plot. I think 'tis thirty, I'me sure twa's writ at length because I wou'd not be mistaken, look agen.

Coz.

Con. The like to me with *Clara*, O happiness beyond expression! let me hug thee for thy cunning!

Plot. I think I have plotted fairely, now nothing is wanting but a priest, the Girls are ready at a call.

Euf. Is my *Ermenia* with them.

Plot. Yes!

Euf. Then Sir to you I owe my life: you have loaded me with so many several obligations that I am ready to sink under their weight, and could my wishes but convert themselves into effects it should be my ambition to signify my self an object worthy of your favours, till then I am your everlasting debtor.

Plot. You are bountiful in expression, I am more then paid in your favourable acceptance. But come lets go 'tis high time of day.

Flo. I can direct you to a priest.

Plot. You will oblige us, lead the way you must be Father to us all.

Flo. Withall my heart. *exunt.*

Scene fourth.

Enter Luci, Clara, Erm, Prif.

Luc. Sure some ill fortune has betided them or cross'd their designs.

Cl. Ha, ha, fearful *Lucibella*: lie for shame!

Erm. Better be fearful then fool hardy.

Luc. Prif. watch at the window, be sure you do not nod, but give us true warning.

Cl. Do so *Priscilla*.

Prif. I shall be careful:

I

Cl.

Cl. Come wenches what are you for singing or dancing.

Luc. 'Tis the maddest wench, fear nothing, sure thy love is not real, else it cou'd not be so void of fear.

Cl. Well I am resolv'd to sing a song, we are all alone, and 'tis one of my own composure.

Luc. Prithee forbear.

Cl. Troth but I will, ide have you do the same and so take leave of singing clear, 'twill not be long I hope ere we loose our voices.

Luc. How wildly she talks?

Eus. Come Cozen, begin.

Cl. A comely youth I once beheld
A basking in a river
Where strait my passions rebell'd
And scor'd my heart and liver.
Such might Narcissus beauties be,
But scarce so clear so white as he,
I view'd each part, and so
Saw something down below.

Which made my mind and heart a rambling go

High: ho.

Enter Plot, Elo, Eusam. Coz.

Plot. I'm glad ye are so mettry Ladies.

Cl. I'm sorry your so nere Gentlemen.

Cor. Come 'tis not time now to chat each minuits worth an hour, come away away.

exit.

Scen.

(59)
Scen fifth.

Enter Avaritius, Cook, Butler, and Chamber-maid.

Ava. **M**Y Masters pray be wary and serviceable, Cook see all your sauces be sharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may commend you: look to the roast and boyld meat handsomly, and what new kickshaws and other delicate things you made. Is the Musick come?

But. Yes sir they are at breakfast.

Ava. There will be dancing too, you must see this room clean: *Butler* let your door be opoen to all good fellows, but have an eye to the Plate for their be Furies. *Peg* you are for the linnen, sort it and seek it ready for the Table, and see the Bride beds made, and see the cords be not cut assunder by the Gallants too, there be such knacks abroad, so go in all to your severall duties. *exeunt.*

I now begin to remember I sign'd a certain writing to Mr. *Plotthrift* last night, but what it was I know not. *Zachary.*

Enter Zachary.

Zachary what writing was it Mr. *Plotthrift* desired me to set my hand too: did you see it?

Zac. No sir?

Ava. No sir, and why no sir?

Zac. Because he told you what it was and you was satisfied and bid me set my hand.

Ava. What did he tell me it was.

Zac. A Narrative of a Gentlemans condition in prison.

Ava. What, I set my hand to warrant him before me.

Za. Some such thing sir.

Ava. Very likely: go in.

exit Zachary.

Enter

Enter Gonzerto, Aquinto, and Cornelio.

Ava. My noble Lord most hearty welcome: good morrow noble Bridegroomes.

Aquia. } Thank you father, are your Daughters ready?
and } 'tis high time for to send for the Priest.
Cor. }

Ava. Not yet I think: have a little patience and they'l come down presently ile warrant you, but my Lord you have not heard of my Neeces departure.

Gon. Yes sir indeed to my great grief, I sorrow much for her absence; but now perforce must study to forget I ever saw her.

Ava. She went away abruptly, without taking her leave I know no reason for't, but come my Lord and Sons that quickly must be will you walk into a glass of wine.

Aquia and Cor. We attend you.

exunt.

Scen sixth.

*Enter Plotthrift, Lucibella, Clara, Eufamēs Armenia,
in mans habit Florentio and Priest.*

Plot. **H**O! house! who's within!

Enter Zachary.

Zac. Who would you speak with?

Plot. Wher's your Master within?

Zac. Yes Sir.

Plot. Id'e desire to speak a word with him.

Enter Avaritius.

Zac. Here he is sir.

Plot

Plot. Sir your servant I come to beg a boon of you.

Ava. My life ! no sooner ask'd but granted, name it.

Plot. I take you at your word Sir, thank you, be pleased to give me and my friend joy with your daughters.

Ava. Why are you married ?

Plot. This grave Gentleman will satisfie you if you doubt it.

Ava. Abus'd cheated, gull'd, abus'd my daughters lost and undone.

Enter Gonzetto, Aquinto and Cornelio.

Aquin. How your daughters lost and undone.

Ava. I married to Vagabonds, Sychophants, and I know not whom !

Plot. Your servant Seniors, we have the Ladies.

Cox. Your servant Seniors, we have the Ladies.

Ens. Your servant my Lord I have the Lady.

Erm discovers.

Gon. 'sdeath !

in a maze.

Am I awake, I vow to send some to their eternal rest. And make 'em sleep for ever ?

draws.

Plot. Pray sir be well adviz'd, consider first what plea you have to commit this outrage, your honour Sir can't bear you out in't.

Cox. Sir what is done was by *Avaritius* free consent, so that if you find your selves abus'd in any particular : 'twas chiefly done by him.

Ava. By me ? 'tis false, my Lord discredit him, meet cheats and imposters !

Plot. Come sir to satisfie you and all these Gentlemen whose mislead opinions thought us merely the actors and contrivers in this plot, see here.

produces the writings.

These

These with your own hand sign'd and seal'd in the presence of *Lucibella*, *Clara* and *Pris.* besides *Zacharias*, *Tobit* your clerk, what say ye all ill not true?

Luc. 'Tis undeniable.

Ava. How!

Clara. Most true an't shall like you sir.

Pris. I must confirm it too.

Ava. O patience!

Cor. Troth this is very well, 'tis true I alwaies thought she had too much wit for me.

Aquin. Well Heavens be thanked we bear not all the baffle on our own backs, well —

Plot. I am only sorry you spent so much cull'd courtship to so little purpose.

Aquin. I must bear it.

Gon. I could rage too, but 'twill be to such as little effect, come Justice you ought to bear it best of all, Pox on't, this 'tis when old men must frolick and be drunk at the Tavern, cou'd you have kept your self sober on your daughters wedding even, all had been well then, but now let things go how they will, Gentlemen I wish you as much joy with your Ladies as I expected.

All. We thank ye, *Plot.* Come father in Law lets hear as much from you. We'll maintain your daughters according to their birth and fortunes.

Cor. That we will.

Euf. And I your Neece according to my ability, and what is wanting in that, ile make up with love and good husbandry.

Ava. Why this is some comfort, Gentlemen pardon me, I must be contented: well I forgive and give you my daughters freely, and with them their portions of thirty thousand crowns a peice, you sir my Neece with twenty, and so my blessing with you all,

Luc.

Luc. Thank you dear Father, and pardon us that we have choos'd those whom we lov'd and hope to live with comfort.

Ava. I hope so too.

Er. My Lord I beg your excuse

to Gonzetto.

had I not been contracted ere I knew your Honor you had been the only man should have enjoyed me, and my last letter to you was only to oblige you to be here, to see how I am bestowed in which you have honored me and I humbly thank you.

Gon. *Ermenia* I am not so angry, but I can tell you that my love and esteem of you is still as great as ever, though I am debarr'd that happiness of enjoying you: yet I wish you a life so circled in with joy, that you may never breath a sigh, and when you shall grow weary of the earth become *Joves* dotage and be Queen of heaven, come Gentlemen be *to Aquin and Cor.* not so uncharitable but give joy.

Aquin.

and

Cor.

} No sir we wish all joy and happiness.

Plot. VVe thank you, come lets have a dance or two and so to dinner.

Cor.

and

Enf.

} Agreed, agreed.

They dance.

Ava. Well now,

*Lets into dinner, but first take my vogue,
No Italian knave like to an English Rogue.*

Exeunt.

T H E

The Epilogue.

Spoken by a Messenger of State and Plot-thrift.

Mess. **P**lot-thrift Imposter! Thou must forthwith come
Before the Council board: They have past a doom,
For thy Imprisonment: Upon Information
That thou art a Rogue and Coxens the whole Nation,
Only these Ladies smiles can set thee free,
But if they frown you must too Goat with me,
Plot. And hang myself for want of Liberty
How like you this Coz. As I am a sinner,
An ill dish of News at a Wedding Dinner!
Ladies, O dear Ladies, what shall I say
Pox take that English Rogue that writ the Play!
Won't you be kind to smile and clap me too?
Should y'e ask me I'de do as much for you.
Be not close sixed: Consider that it may
Be your own case to want another day
You may command me then and thereupon
He faithfully repay you three for one.

Joyn all your forces now and set me free,
Overscore of Claps and I'm at liberty. (Clap)

To the Gentlemen.

Now Gentlemen I hope you'r satisfied
On the same Covenants to clap my Bride.

(Clapagen)

FINIS

Exeunt.